



FID ESS A.

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SONNET IV.

ID you sometimes three German
brethren see;

Rancour 'twixt two of them so raging
rife, That th'one could stick the other
with his knife ?

Now if the third assaulted chance
to be By a fourth stranger ; him set
on the three !

Them two 'twixt whom afore was
deadly strife, Made one to rob the
stranger of his life.

Then do you know our state as well as
we! Beauty and Chastity, with her were
born,

Both at one birth ; and up with her did
grow* Beauty, still foe to Chastity was
sworn;

And Chastity sworn to be
Beauty's foe: And yet when I lay
siege unto her heart. Beauty and
Chastity both take her part!

SONNET V.

[See Vol I #. 63.]



RAIGNED, poor captive at the
Bar I stand;

The Bar of Beauty, bar
to all my joys, And up I
hold my ever trembling hand,

Wishing, or life, or death to end
annoys. And when the Judge doth
question of the guilt,

And bids me speak : then, sorrow
shuts up words ! Yea, though he say,"
Speak boldly, what thou wilt!"

Yet my confused affects no speech
affords. For why ? Alas, my
Passions have no bound I

For fear of death that
penetrates so near; And still one
grief another doth confound,

Yet doth at length a way to speech
appear.

Then, for I speak too late, the Judge
doth give

His sentence, that ** in prison, I shall
live ! "